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ADA BERTONI.

DEDICATION.

To the worn and weary seeker after that which seems for him yet is hidden beneath the appearances that blind the finer sense; to students of nature and lovers of the mystical side of life and things; to all whose leanings are toward the occult laws that reveal the deeper science of being and open up the soul's supernal realm, this little volume is dedicated by the author, believing that

"The need of man at the present hour,
To satisfy the soul's desires,
Is knowledge of the magic power
That charms, uplifts, reveals, inspires."

CHARMS.

The word charms, as applied in its occult sense, means a great deal more than the average mind is capable of comprehending.

A talisman, let it be in the shape of a lion's paw, or only a knot of ribbon from the "lucky winner" at the race-course, is held sacred by the owner.

Who does not cherish some valued possession as being "lucky," or look askance upon some article that has proved a "hoodoo?"

Why is it that certain charms will work us good results and others evil? Because it is the vibration they create in our magnetic aura.

A curse brings evil, a blessing good. In like manner do we derive benefits from charms.

The bequests of a lucky person who remembers us in their will, or otherwise, will bring us good conditions, but we had best rid ourselves of any legacies from the ill-fated and unhappy.

We remember a cruel word long after it is spoken, and think of a kind one with pleasure, and the circumstances surrounding each recollection is pictured on the mirrors of our souls in faithful likeness and with unerring effect.

Why is it we hesitate to pass through a funeral procession? Few people really know why, they do it because of the superstition attached. The real reason is, when breaking through a mournful procession of any kind we partake of the vibrations sent out by the sorrowing ones, and it has an effect.

This is true regarding every other vibration of life.

The world is made up of vibrations, and through the vibrant waves of sound and ether, many charms are worked without the magical accessories from the four domains of earth.

A charm prepared by an evil mind with bad intent will bring the wearer misfortune unless he understands how to combat successfully with black magic.

A charm made with good thoughts will bring good in its train.

This is consistent with the laws that govern the Universe.

The many hideous, foul recipes and acts of the

Black Magician can be counteracted by the worker of White Magic, which brings peace and blessing.

The Red Magician deals with health, and has charms to prevent disease and establish harmonious conditions of the physical body.

The study of charms, talismans, and pantacles alone is one of the most instructive and curious forms of magic.

History will tell you of a vast number of charms used by the different races: Indian, Egyptian, Greek, Jewish, Hindoo, Chinese, etc., to say nothing of the charms, symbols and occult tokens used by Freemasons, Oddfellows, and other lodges of note throughout the world.

There are numerical charms coupled with magical letters that mean much to the initiated.

Magical works are seven in number: Sunday, ruled by the Sun and consecrated to light and riches; Monday, by the Moon, mystery and magic; Tuesday, by Mars, labor and justice; Wednesday, by Mercury, science and oratory, music and literature; Thursday, by Jupiter, to business, success in financial matters; Friday, by Venus, to friendship and love; Saturday, by Saturn, malediction and death.

True charms are made in accordance with the above days and planets, and the colors, numbers, letters, hours, incense and invocations proper for each day corresponding to the date of birth of the party for whom a charm is made.

Precious stones, metals and amulets are often used in connection with the magical rites attending charm work, and there are certain rules governing such charms that must be strictly adhered to, and followed out.

The blessed and indulgenced objects of the Catholic church are all true talismans.

One such medal has become popular even among those devoid of religion, who suspend it from the necks of their children. Its figures are so perfectly Kabalistic that it is a marvelous double pantacle. On one side is the Mary of Christianity throned upon the world, and setting one foot on the head of the magical serpent. She extends her two hands in such a manner as to form a triangle of which her head is the apex; her hands are open and radiant, thus making a double triangle with all the beams directed toward the earth. On the other side is the double Tau of the hierophants, the Lingum with the double Cteis or the triple Phallus, supported

with interlaced and repeated insertions by the Kabalistic and Masonic M, representing the square between the pillars Jakin and Bohas; below are placed two loving and suffering hearts, with twelve pentagrams around them. The wearer of this medal does not attach such signficance to it, but it is none the less magical in a double sense, and has a double virtue. The ecstatic on the authority of whose revelation this talisman was engraved beheld it existing perfectly, in the astral light, demonstrating the intricate connection of ideas and signs.

It would take more than one large volume alone to enumerate the many charms of the past and the present, with their respective meanings and mode of preparation.

It is unwise and dangerous for the uninitiated, nervous, unskilled and curious to meddle with magical charms or experiment in the realms of magic. An intelligent person will readily understand why.

Few people can realize what the various causes are that produce certain effects, and could not use magical knowledge did they possess it; and when I say magical knowledge, I do not mean

the usual entertainments given on a public stage for the benefit of a curious audience.

We need not be ashamed to acknowledge a belief in charms. The greatest minds of all ages have had an innate respect for some article which they consider has brought them luck, and it proves a veritable talisman, when faith is joined to the superstitious reverence. Why? Because the power of faith and confidence brings vibrations that attract conditions of trust and belief.

Only the stubborn materialist will deny the very forces that are a part of his own nature. We all have Earth, Air, Fire and Water in our composition, and he who is able to comprehend the relation we all bear to the spirits of the four domains and to each other, shows he has "delved below the surface" and looked into the very heart of God.

We find an intimate connection between all forms of life, mineral, vegetable, animal.

As a simple illustration, take the kernal of an English walnut, you have a miniature brain. A muskmelon cut in half reveals the spine and nerves. There are many trees, leaves, vines, flowers, fruits and shrubs that correspond to the human form in some way. Charms and

healing amulets can be prepared from them.

One must understand the sympathetic attraction of plants and animals, the occult virtues of gems, colors and perfumes before perfect charms can be made that will be of lasting benefit.

To preserve ourselves from the evil charms of a Black Magician, we must forbid excitement to the imagination. If we allow ourselves to become nervous and excited we are open to the will of the powers of darkness, but if we can rise above our doubts and fears, our mistrust and anxieties, and recognize the all supreme wisdom in our own souls, we may counteract evil influences and shut out the avenues of a depraved magnetism.

Look around you. Do you not see everywhere the law of cause and effect? Truth is hidden from no one. God is visible in his works. He is the author of nature. Faith and confidence in his goodness, with an affirmation of your being one with God, and on a plane with his intelligence and reason will bring the true light which is offered to us all, like the sun to the intuition of every human creature born into the world.

If you will bring out your own individuality,

and assert your own powers of justice and reason, your own god-like attributes of heart and soul, your own superior intelligence of mind over matter, you will have no occasion to fear anyone, and you will love those who are deserving of love. Your natural light will repel that of the wicked because it is ruled by your divine will.

Weakness sympathizes with vice, and vice is a weakness which assumes a mask of strength; therefore cure your mind if it is diseased, for the cause of all bewitchments and sorcery lies therein.

He who possesses the grand shield of individuality, that dares to be a mountain of strength for himself, and who fearlessly asserts the "I am," and lives in accordance with the meaning of the sacred triangle (right thought, right action, right speech) is truly King of All, and may be a White Magician, performing greater wonders than he himself can dream.

The charms of nature alone are a life-long study. The Sun and its influence is perhaps the greatest charm of all.

Oh! Glorious Sunlight! So freely given to the rich and poor alike, to all classes and all

conditions, we may not understand thee, but we adore, and in that worship feel the presence of an almighty power that makes thy rays a shining benediction.

ONE STRAY LEAF.

Purple tinted hills in evening light;
  Mingled with rays from Luna's silver rim;
Over a land-locked chain of bays,
  A cool breeze from the sea sweeps in.

Two people stand together on the beach,
  Nor taking note of time; they only find
That mother earth has gained for them new joys,
  And all the world with sweetest hope is lined.

He vows by the eternal hills,
  A love unchanging as the Heaven's own blue,
And in the quiet of the silent night,
  Gives her his solemn promise true.

And she—well, women are prone to trust,
  It is their nature—they never think
The happy love-cup with its luring draught,
  May fall and break upon the fountain's brink.

To-night! Oh, pitying angel!
  She lives amid the haunts of shame,
Her cheek has lost its roundness and its glow,
  She sells her soul her bread to gain.

And he—within a crowded city's din,
  He has a home of splendor, grand and cold,
A virtuous wife, and he a virtuous man,
  Their purity a kin to hell's fine mold.

Well—life is life, and brief at best,
  We cannot live and leave grief's ways untrod,
Happy indeed are those who, when they die,
  Their sorrows have not made them false to God.

FLOWER SYMBOLS.

Flowers are the symbols of the soul. They are full of suggestive thoughts relative to our lives; each one has its own separate meaning and history.

Roses for love in its different degrees of intensity, speak plainly to us from the tiniest bud to the full blown queen of flowers.

What grander symbols of purity and holiness than the lilies of the world. Our tall stately beauties showing forth such immaculate virtue, and our dearest, sweetest flowers, the lilies of the valley, hiding their dainty heads with such exquisite modesty. Who can hold a bunch of these beautiful treasures in their hands and not feel at least one tiny responsive heart throb to all they represent. We see in these blossoms the good deeds performed, though unrecorded, and the kind words given to help some struggling soul to better endure the adversities of life. We see the blessed tears of joy and gratitude coupled with tears of sorrow and hopelessness,

and we can understand the Christ character through these lovely symbols. They mean so much, yet are so unobtrusive and humble. We have a flower for every phase of life—pride, ambition, success, wealth, honor, and the reverse of these.

Take the well-known "bleeding heart;" need we look further for a symbol which tells us of love betrayed, or a blighted life? The name is, indeed, well chosen.

All flowers are beautiful; yet some show forth the bitterness of life, the vices, the crime, the poverty. What are called common flowers can sometimes teach us more than rare hot-house exotics.

The dandelion, a strictly material symbol, shows us the steps in life from youth to old age, and also represents gold and abundance of this world's goods.

The violet betokens sadness; hollihocks and sunflowers reveal the vanity of man. Woman's vanity come to us in peach and apple blossoms, tulips, tube-roses, and lilacs. Her love breathes forth from pinks, heliotropes, forget-me-nots, hyacinths, and pansies.

Man's love shines out in geraniums, begonias, magnolias, and foliage plants.

Wit, humor, gaiety, is well exemplified by many of our wild flowers, our chrysanthemums and our peonies. We can find many illustrations if we take time to consider each flower.

Not only in the flowers are our lives, thoughts and feelings represented, but in trees, shrubs, plants, vines, and weeds. These, like the flowers, show us our own physical and mental natures.

If the perfume of certain flowers will produce certain results and if there is an herb for every ailment, they certainly have a bearing on our lives but little understood by the uninterested and careless observer.

I do not believe there is any one person living who does not feel the beauty of a flower, if only in a faint measure.

A study of the flowers as symbols brings us in close relation to the spiritual world. How confidingly they lift their faces to the sky, inviting kisses on their lips which sometimes give us thrills of gladness, and at other times cause us an unaccountable feeling of sorrow.

What happiness for us poor mortals, if we can, but for a brief span of time, put away the

burdens of life and revel in the soul pleasure of the flowers.

To be in harmony with the sweetness, purity and simplicity of this natural religion is to feel we are at one with the divine law that has given us the most beautiful expressions of will power in existence.

How grateful we should feel to the higher forces that enable us to forget our cares, to put them all away and let the soul have its freedom to bring us nearer the realms of glory.

To see God in nature is to know the law, and it helps us to live in accordance with His instructions, and when we comprehend God's thoughts, fidelity is the one word that expresses our certainty of complete and lasting happiness resulting from our search into the mysteries of the unknown.

MEMORIES.

Slowly the light of day is fading,
And o'er my mind there steals a ray,
From the twilight soft and mellow shading,
With pictures like the dying shadows gray
And dream of yore.

Happier hours with youth's light shining
Brightly through the golden skies,
Now they come like soft winds sighing,
And I welcome them with eyes
Dimmed by tears.

Fond memories have we all, tho' breathing
Minor tones that sweep across the heart,
Like depths from out the seawave seething
In tides that break upon the shore and part,
Then meet again.

Phantoms from gloomy graves are fleeting
With empty hands and vacant, staring eyes,
Then merry sprites appear, greeting
Our mystic vision with gleeful cries
Of many happy joys.

The tears will come to mar the brightness,
Yet are they sweet as children's smiles
Which flash across our minds in likeness
To the purest thoughts of Heaven's isles
That we can know.

Thus our hearts forever haunted,
Tho' smiles may separate us from the past,
Its ghosts forever follow us undaunted,
And life's first steps will surely sway the last
That we may take.

PROGRESSION.

Friends that lived in ages long gone by,
Who greet us in the present,
Impress us with a strange attraction.
We scarce can name this power,
We only know that soul speaks out to soul.
We stand acknowledged as a tie,
That brings a far dim recollection
Of other lives.
Those in years long past
Who reigned as Kings,
Beggars to-day may be;
And those who served as menials,
May now hold sovereign power,
Each finding his true place,
It is the law.
The threads we weave in this life
Form material for the next.
If we select perfect patterns,
And fail to attain our heart's desires,
But make an earnest effort,
We thereby have the chance
In our next incarnation
To gain perfection.
If we follow low designs,
That mark a downward course,
We fall step by step in our rebirths,
Until the lowest form in nature

Would shrink to give to us expression.
Reach out for the good in life;
Root out the bad.
Let your thoughts take beautiful shapes,
Blessing those you would affect.
Make yourself one with the all in all.
To those who seek the true life and live it,
Will be given joy unbounded;
And best of all, a right progression;
Making our own choice of life
For our next existence,
In a new form as a new soul.

NATURE'S UNVEILING.

A keen perception, deep penetration, and harmonious union with occult forces, finds nature always unveiled.

The senses properly developed and cultivated, reveal the truths of life to every searcher in close communication with the divine principle underlying the great cause world. Nature is simple and confiding as a child. Her flowers look at us with their sweet faces, and even the delicate perfume of some dainty blossom breathes a tender little story all its own. Her shrubs and trees speak to us in many varied tones, the grass beneath our feet makes response to touch and feeling, and a mere clod of dirt from the street will tell us volumes if we listen to its minor strain.

I mention these things in nature which some would designate as common, yet if we can catch inspiration from these pages first, we shall then be able to look upon the higher, and come in touch with the one great soul of existence.

What does nature teach us as the years pass? To many a tragedy, others a comedy, and to a few she brings the enjoyment experienced by viewing a beautiful picture with all the lights and shadings artistically blended.

As the shadows creep o'er us at eventide, we are rested from the day's labors, and we hear comforting voices that make us forget our worries and vexations; we drift away into quiet dreamland, where the departing rays of sunlight linger lovingly and give us hope for the morrow.

How exhilarating an evening ride, when the spirits of the air fill us with good thoughts and peaceful content.

Those to whom nature is an open book cannot have aught else but grand characters; she produces beneficial effects upon the minds and lives of her children that can come from no other source or companionship.

Nature in her manifold expression of life's emotions is the best teacher we can possibly embrace if we desire to learn the workings of the universal law.

One bright summer day, while strolling through a woodland valley I came suddenly

upon a delightful scene that will always be a pleasing reflection. Beautiful beyond description was the silvery cascade that met my view, dashing in frolicsome glee from one rock to another, sparkling diamond scintillations of jubilant hope through radiant colors of brilliant light, which flashed along its boisterous crest, and sang rapturous melodies of wild delight, holding me spellbound. The thrilling cadence of the low, soft undertones mingling again with spontaneous bursts of joy, now rising higher and higher, then back again to sweet repose, brought an indescribable sense of comfort to my troubled mind. I gazed in silent admiration, with a prayer in my heart, to the God that spoke to me throughout these musical waters of enchantment. To the Almighty One who appealed to my senses from the very depths of the huge rocks o'er which the white spray struck resonant notes I made silent supplication, and while thus entreating came these words in firm, ringing tones: "To all who see and know me as I am, and recognize this power within themselves, will I bestow blessings innumerable, happines complete."

On another memorable day in early spring, the woods again afforded me ample subjects for

studying the ways, laws and uses of the true divinity.

Near the spot selected for contemplation I saw a bunch of violets; dear, sweet little harbingers of love, bearing messages from the Master Mind, their roots kept alive through the cold winter months, now gave evidence of a kind and loving care. As they looked up at me so modestly I questioned them thus: "Tell me, little treasures, what do you bring me to-day, words of cheerfulness, or will you speak in mournful measures?"

I listened attentively, using my soul's power of discernment, and presently their little voices sounded in chorus: "We are two weeks old to-day, but we will not live in these woods longer than to-morrow. A pretty maiden will come for us, and take us to her home, there to grace her table and give out our share of pleasure to observant ones. We will be admired, perhaps caressed by gentle hands, and we will see strange new things undreamt of in these quiet woods; then just as we think we are beginning a new era in life, our strength will fail us, we will grow faint and wither, and be thrown in the street, to mingle again with the dust of the Earth. We

will not complain, we may combine with the soil once more and help nourish some grand flower, destined to a higher life than ours, and we will be happy, for God's ways are our ways."

The greatest masterpiece in nature, the human form, must through habit and false ideas, be doubly veiled, and men and women are ashamed of nature's best gifts. If they would do away with this silly modesty, and make the human form and its most sacred functions an object of worship and adoration, we would have a better, stronger, nobler race of people in the next generation. A right development of all that tends to make the body conform to the rules of right physical life will give a larger soul growth.

If men and women would reverence the human form in all its purity and sweetness, thinking only of its magnificent uses, it would be a religion producing much better results than the present old, worn out creeds that send forth emanations of rust and mildew.

The physical form is made up of all the elements in nature, and is nature's finest expression; it should therefore be thoroughly understood and perfected, in order that the soul may have greater liberty.

If people would only wake up and realize what might be accomplished by taking nature and all her manifestations as a basis for a new religion, follow her teachings, obey her laws, and heed the counsels of the inner voice speaking to them through this religion they would then fulfill the law, and there would no longer be a necessity of running to church half clean, and listening to preachers who oftentimes neglect their bodies at the expense of pouring out spiritual advice that may possibly exalt their hearers for the time being, but is of lasting benefit to the race in general.

Is it not time to make a firm stand for the satisfying truths in nature, that we can see and know each day by using our good common sense?

What absurdity to cling to religions that are only an accumulation of nonsensical trash made palatable through custom.

Make nature your God and the forever burning Hell and the harp angel Heaven will be a ludicrous thing of the past. You will then know all the pleasures of life while yet in the flesh, without waiting for your "just reward" through needless pain and suffering.

A HEART ECHO.

The saddest and sweetest hours of life,
  Are those wherein some great good lies;
Secured us from the bondage of a soul,
  A legacy of tears from tired eyes.

Eyes that have long since closed in sleep,
  A soul released from weariness and pain.
The white-rosed memory of burdens borne
  For us in duty's doleful strain,

Stand out before us in this hour of light.
  Yet mingled with the tenderness of woe,
Comes one great all abiding thought,
  Which through our veins an ecstasy doth flow.

'Twas love that brought us so much good,
  Even though yielded from a grief-stormed heart;
Love, like the Father God's divine,
  And of our lives a sacred part.

Sacred by holiest bonds of sympathy,
  So sad, so sweet, yet what a glorious prize,
Leading us into better paths of Knowledge,
  Where nobler ways of living lies.

HOW TO BECOME A PSYCHIC.

Clean yourself thoroughly outside and inside every day of your life. You will, when purified by soap and water, not be an easy target for dirty, lying, evil, earthbound spirits.

Have you a clean body and a foul mind? Then go to work on the inner spiritual temple. You will find it a difficult task in simply controlling your thoughts and compelling your tongue to obey you.

Some one will say "that is nonsense, as many dirty foul-mouthed people are good psychics;" granted, but if you want the purest and highest ministers from the other side you must make proper conditions for the same.

If you are clean and pure in your manner of living, the best from spirit life will be attracted to you.

Sit for development only when the mind is free from anxiety and there is no danger of interruption, making yourself absolutely passive. Select a certain hour for sitting every day and let

nothing interfere to prevent your daily practice of communing with the departed, for this you will certainly do if you possess clairvoyant and clairaudient power, and are faithful in your endeavors.

The first sight includes sparks of fire, great clouds of white misty appearance, large sheets of flame, and bodies of water. This is what usually comes to the majority of those gifted with the power to see. Following these first sights come landscapes, people and views impossible of description, and all passes before the vision like one vast panorama.

One must learn to discriminate between the spiritual and the material, and if one is very intuitive, he will know instantly. After the sight is trained carefully, it is an easy matter to obtain advice concerning your private affairs. Sometimes this is presented in the shape of symbols. Those peculiarly gifted in this direction will get messages very readily, and are often clairaudient, before they can see.

A careful and clean manner of living, with a strict adherence to the hours of sitting is the basis of becoming "en rapport" with your spirit friends.

All cannot be Psychics, and all do not possess spiritual gifts, but every individual is the veritable owner of a soul that can be imaged unto the likeness of saint or devil. All may use their natural psychic powers if they pay attention to the simple laws governing their natures.

Who has not had warnings, presentiments and dreams? Yet these are scoffed at by the majority of people, when if one would only take heed from these occult straws, much danger, unhappiness and even death could be averted.

Volumes of proof concerning genuine spiritual manifestation could be produced, yet there would be some ignoramus to bellow forth a staunch denial, simply because he or she did not see and hear.

If we would become psychical, we must become attuned to the harp-strings of nature.

To lift the veil and peer into the future is the desire of many, the realization of few.

One cannot enter into the full trance state, until he is oblivious to all outward surroundings.

A person who reaches the first octave of the inner life finds the atmosphere of spirit that will illuminate his entire being.

God has given us the torch of truth, it remains for us to follow.

Too many of the better class of mankind are but seeking some wonderful toys to amuse themselves, rather than making personal efforts for growth and enlightenment of their own souls.

In our daily life lies the true process of development. Throw off all impurities of your nature that retard the growth of God's love, and you will retain strength, and increase in beauty.

Kill out your low thoughts, and you will find a divine pathway that leads from the lowest depths to the loftiest heights.

By a determined will to become purer in thought, word and deed, for every day that comes, by aspiring toward the good and true, by faith in the infinite, and that we are surrounded by spiritual beings who sympathize with us, and who will always help us when we make a right effort in the right direction, we learn to bring harmony into our lives, and strike a certain octave of vibration that gives us spiritual power. We reach out into the waves of the eternal fountain of spirit.

A spirit cannot appear in the physical body unless it can draw suitable material with which

to re-embody itself. Nor can a spirit manifest mentally without suitable material from mental conditions.

Some individuals live like beasts, and still expect to be spiritual in intellectuality without any change of life.

As our minds expand spiritually, and as we live pure and true to the higher light within, we may ascend to the loftier eminences, and our range of vision is correspondingly enlarged.

When you go into the silence, you must concentrate on some one thought, or a pleasing picture. A glass of water answers the same purpose as a magic globe.

Twenty-five minutes each day is long enough for the first two months. If one grows nervous and excitable within that time they should discontinue the sitting. It is an excellent plan to sit with lights from glass globes of your astral colors. A dim light is best to commence with, and it is well to address invocations to good and high spirits. Music and incense creates a glow of sympathy and love that is food for the soul.

By sitting in the silence each day, you will have a chance to find out many things concerning yourself and your own life that has been a

mystery to you, even though you do not use the "wireless telegraphy" which enables you to communicate with the denizens of the ethereal world.

If, after a three months' fair trial, you get no results, QUIT! Turn your attention to what you will succeed in, let it be washing dishes or chopping wood.

Don't waste your energies in a wrong direction. If you cannot be a Pyschic, there are many other far more desirable vocations in life. Take what is best suited to you, that you can best succeed in and follow it persistently; that is better than wasting time on what cannot be accomplished.

A NEW YEAR GREETING.

Swiftly the old year
Makes way for the new;
Peace to the old dream,
Success to the new.
Let thoughts of the stars,
Gleaming bright from the past,
Lend a radiant hope
To the future you cast.

Smiles for the new year,
Sighs for the old.
Cheers for the joy day,
Tears for the cold,
Dark hours in the old year,
From the night of its woes,
Greet the bright forms that rise,
And conquer your foes.

The notes that you strike
On life's key-board of fate,
Responses will bring
Like sounds that you make.
If the tones of your life
Chord with God's music grand,
Blessings will come to you
From out the better land.

SILVER ARROWS.

How little real charity there is in the world! A great many people GIVE to look generous in the eyes of beholders; some give for the recompense they expect to receive; others give —then talk about it for seventy or eighty years, if they live that long. Few give in secret and silence, very few.

How queer the people are! So many worshiping at the shrine of Mammon! The rich build fine churches to show how pious they are; send money to the "heathen" and let their own poor starve to death.

Christ never attended church, never wrote a sermon, never "got religion," never went through a course of study in divinity halls or otherwise. Wonder what he thinks of all the different creeds, isms, osophies and ologies.

To do one's duty every day is the foundation of a good life. You serve the Creator when you feed the birds that sing about your doorway. When you feed the half-starved dogs and cats

that pay you an occasional visit. You are feeding souls, remember. Dogs and cats have far more intelligence sometimes than the two-legged animals they live with.

The influence we each exert over one another bears fruit in some way. We cannot guard our thoughts and lips too closely.

Never tell people anything they can't stand.

Always give the God-life one more chance to develop in something better, no matter where you find it.

All the pleasures in life are good if not abused. He who stands upon a narrow platform built after one set pattern, with no prospect of its ever changing into a broader, firmer foundation will never get out of the "mushroom" state. We must understand life and all classes of people thoroughly before we are able to judge impartially.

If we hold to the good alone, good will surely come to us. We bring to ourselves what we

really are, and by our course of life the soul will find its right abode when through with the body.

What magnificence and splendor at the "Punch and Judy" shows. Somebody pulls a wire and all the puppets smirk, and scrape and bow and dance, and flash millions of costly jewels in each other's eyes, smile and scrape some more, hating the very ones they bow lowest to, thinking some foul thought to blight,—nothing really pure but the lovely flowers, and they must be disgraced by such nonsensical shams. I believe they call it society.

Dream not of great things to do by and by, but do what you have the genius and talent for right now. Our to-days make the future bright or dark, according to the seed we sow.

If you have more of this world's goods than your neighbors and friends, you need give yourself no important airs. True worth speaks for itself. Take good fortune calmly, you are liable to lose it all in a day. Riches profit us nothing; honors are but empty shells. Love is the all of life.

We borrow strength from our sorest trials.

A kind hearted, generous, sympathetic prostitute is much better than a virtuous woman who takes delight in scandalous and malicious gossip, who is deceitful and treacherous to her friends and whose soul resembles the taste of a green persimmon. There are many worse things in the world than promiscuous cohabitation. The pure act of itself is the world's greatest physical enjoyment, and only those who are mismated, passionless, unsexed or impotent will deny the statement. Without the use of the sexual organs we would have no people on earth, or angels in heaven.

Sexual intercourse when rightly indulged in is a much lesser evil than mistreating and starving dumb brutes.

Beating helpless children is a greater crime than coition.

If the old days of Phallic worship should come back, some of our very nice people could not survive the shock. We must not speak or write of these "awful things." They are not "decent," you know.

Ah, me! We are so very pure!

BE WHAT YOU ARE! Live up to your highest aims and ambitions. Don't try to live some other person's life for them, but live out your own, and do it the best you can.

Build on dry land, and when you reach the rivers and mountains you will have strength to cross and to climb.

The hardest lesson in life is to learn to wait patiently. We learn this lesson sometimes through blinding tears, while the heart throbs sadly o'er vanquished hopes. Yet is there joy in each mournful measure of time, for through suffering we grow into higher altitudes of nobility. If the sun shone always, earth would be robbed of half its beauty.

What is the use to "fret and fume?" It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds, when a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom.

Just one smile or thoughtful act bestowed upon a little child is doing some good.

It is useless to pray to God day after day in a

half-hearted manner, and useless to pray at all unless our whole soul looks up to him in adoration and earnest faith. It is not necessary to get down on your knees and make lengthy exhortations. If you walk along tne street and feel a sincere gratitude to your Creator for the air you breathe, for your straight limbs, your eyesight, for the beauties of nature you behold all about you, that is better than going through prescribed forms of prayer which is not only harmful, but injurious, for it cramps the soul as well as the body.

Standing in front of a florist's window were two boys, both poor and ill-clad. One admired the beauties within, the other did not, and spoke thus to his companion, who stood silently drinking in the sweetness and delicacy of form and coloring: "Oh! come on, you can't have them things, and I wouldn't want 'em anyhow, they hain't no good." The boy whose soul had feasted on the dainties exposed to view said slowly: "I don't want 'em, Tom; it's enough just to look at 'em. I walks by here reg'lar just for a sight of 'em, and it does me just as much good as if they was mine."

Here is a lesson in itself and we are never poor if we have the richness of soul to appreciate beautiful things, even though we may not possess them.

Many who own millions are poorer than the man who stops on the street, shovel in hand, to listen to the song of some happy bird—perhaps trilled forth at that moment to bring a gleam of hope to his weary mind.

The liberty to go higher than we are is given only when we have fulfilled the duty of the present sphere.

The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

The man who loses his courage, loses all. No matter how poor he may be, how much deserted by friends or lost to the world, if he keeps his courage, holds up his head, works with his hands, and with unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills, but what is within that makes or unmakes.

If in this world one heart beats with a love true and steadfast, changeless and faithful for you, guard it well, for you could not be blessed with aught sweeter or fairer through all eternity.

There are many precious gems of spiritual beauty that find expression in our way of doing and manner of speaking, and though we may not always select the best, each one counts, and helps fill out the eternal figures in God's account. If we let our hearts go out to others in love, kindness and unselfishness, even to those from whom we have received unkind treatment, we add the rarest jewel of all to our immortal crown.

THE PLEA OF A SUICIDE.

Great God! Why should we live?
And why rejoice at birth of babes?
Rather let tears be shed!
They sob and cry, and beat the empty air
As if they see the strife before them;
Poor little innocent helpless babes,
Moaning and wailing everywhere.

A little while as children
We laugh and sigh o'er joys and hurts
And fancied woes, and broken toys,—
For a time are happy; a mother's love
Shields us from all danger, and gives
When blest by deep sincere affection
The dearest truth of life's best joys.

A few more years, then we as lovers
Beguiled by sweet low whisperings,
Surround ourselves with all the flowers
Of beauty, that bud and bloom and grow
Into the thing called love;
Then wile away an hour by breaking vows,
And burning letters, lest the world may know.

What do we as a people?
We rush, and push, and crowd and hurry by,
Who cares if you or I fall in the race?
So soon forgotten! Yes, all too soon
Some one is found to take our place.
Hearts and souls like the crackle of dead leaves,
For one God clothes, a thousand Satan sheathes.

A corpse the final ending
Of babes—children—lovers—people—all.
Preachers and Priests may chant their requiems
O'er bit of bone and dust, the gloomy pall
Of awe engulfs us still. We know not
Who, or what we are, or may be by and by,
We are born, we cry, laugh, suffer, then we die.

OCCULTISM.

The religions of the world from time immemorial have all contained a certain vein of occultism in different degrees of expression. The simple act of prayer constitutes the elevating of one's thoughts to occult power.

Ministers of the gospel all endorse the idea that faith and earnest prayer will bring us what we desire, and this alone is a grain of occultism; yet there is a strong denunciation against occultism by many church members and pastors, who do not seem to comprehend that the basis of their own religion is an occult one.

There is good in all religions and religious sects, but they are as a rule too narrow; they hold to the one idea of their faith, often casting slurs on all other organizations, ridiculing what they do not understand.

People who sneer at the manifestations of oc-

cult power are pitifully ignorant, for it is the very life-principal itself.

Those who laugh at occultism and call it an absurdity are strictly material in every way, and should they chance to behold some wonderful, genuine occult sight, would immediately seek out a doctor to have their brains tested.

Another fault with the world religions now existing, and for centuries back, is this: A great "ado" is made over "the tortured, bleeding Christ;" they draw fearfully upon the imagination as to his "terrible suffering and death agony."

Christ was a purely spiritual man. He was in perfect harmony with the Divine God, and nothing could injure him.

Why should a few nails and a crown of thorns hurt one so far above physical suffering as Jesus?

The belief that he endured so much agony is inconsistent with true religious ideas.

History tells us of martyrs who died at the stake with faces radiantly beautiful, their voices raised in happy song. They did not suffer physically because their mentality ruled. But the Christ must needs be pictured out with that woeful, heart-rending expression, when the fact

is he experienced no pain whatever from a physical standpoint.

His death is a symbol of what we may do if we can lead the Christ life. We may become so spiritualized that red-hot irons burned in the flesh will cause us no torture.

Christ's life and death is an example of the real vs. the unreal.

Few are capable of attaining the position Christ held. Men have lived before and since Christ's time possessed of the same spirituality, and it rests entirely with us whether we shall have power in proportion to Christ, or be ruled by the lower influences.

Occultists all know and understand what the forces are that make our existence one of bliss or one of torment.

As we place ourselves in condition to battle with the evil elements, we will eventually by victorious combat, rise sublime to the highest communications with souls who will help us onward and assist us in working out the law of life to our complete satisfaction. We not only increase our individual joys, but we help others into the light, and therein lies a happiness impossible of realization by the selfish, earthly soul.

All have a chance of salvation, and all receive their reward regardless of religion, creed, color, sex, nature, race, country or belief. All receive Heaven and Hell according to the desires and aspirations of their mind and natures.

The truth of all is here about us.

The occult powers of the world lie hidden in the tiniest bud that comes forth in the spring-time to give us greeting of everlasting life.

"All bloom is fruit of death,
Creation's soul thrives from decay,
And nature feeds on ruin; the big earth
Summers in rot, and harvests through the frosts,
To fructify the world; the mortal now
Is pregnant with spring-flowers to come;
And death is seed-time of eternity."

Master the flesh, it perishes into nothingness. Feed the soul, it lives forever if we but will it so.

Seeking out the good and following the inner teachings of the "Evestra," we find ourselves one with the great occult law, and draw unto ourselves success, love and peace.

MY PARADISE.

Love with its sweetness,
  Sensation, emotion,
Love that fears nothing,
  That burns with devotion;
This is God's message
  To your heart and mine,
Sent by His angels,
  To brighten the time.

Time of vow's breathing
  A music celestial,
As close to each bosom
  Securely we nestle.
Ah! Sweetheart, Darling,
  Our Heaven is near us,
Rapture eternal!
  The Saviour is with us.

OF WHAT DOES TRUE SPIRITUALISM CONSIST?

Not in "rappings," "table tippings," and other physical manifestations of magnetic power given through the agency of sham magical workers; nor in the belief of what the name Spiritualism implies.

True Spiritualists are found among all classes. He who does right and lives true to himself and his God, from day to day has the gift of spirituality largely developed in his nature, and needs no cabinet "shows" to convince him of spiritual presence.

All the clever work given by pretended mediums has its genuine phase, and what takes place now as "fraud" will be a truth when people are fit to receive it. We are but learning our A, B, C's of spiritual knowledge. What do we poor infants know of the great possibilities of the

spirit even on our little Earth, when we think of Mars, Venus, Jupiter, and other inhabited planets?

The people are not ready for spiritual phenomena as it should be given, but must take what they themselves create through their own desires, and then they cry "fraud" and weep over their lost dollars, when the fact is they have been dealt with far too leniently.

When people give up Spiritualism because their idols have been shattered, and the veil of delusion torn from their eyes, they are not true Spiritualists. They have but lived in the sense realm, neglecting the truths of their own natures in the vain endeavor to see and hear something marvelous and astounding. They trample on the blossoms about their own doorways, and then have the courage to assert that there is no such thing as flowers.

The following embraces thoughts from the very highest sources as to the philosophy of true Spiritualism:

There is an atmosphere of soul, as well as an atmosphere of nature. In the atmosphere of the soul God sometimes brings down the divine landscape, heavenly truths, so clearly that the soul

rests upon them as upon a picture let down.

Out of the dust and din and mist of observations of life, there come moments when God permits us to see in a second, further, wider and easier, than by ordinary methods of logic we can see in a whole life-time. Do I undervalue logic when I say that it is inferior to intuition? Intuition when at white heat teaches a man in a single moment more than logic ever teaches him. Logic constructs the walls of thought, throws up ramparts and lays out highways, but it never discovers. Logic merely builds, fortifies, demarks—the discovering power is intuition.

There are certain times when parts of the mind lift themselves up with a kind of celestial preparation, and we see, think and feel more in a single hour, than ordinarily we do in a whole year, and however useful and needful reasoning may be as compared with these sudden insights, it is scarcely to be mentioned with respect.

In a great measure we are under the influence of the things which are seen. In our lower life we must be under the influence of sense, but now and then, we know not how, we rise into an atmosphere in which spirit, life, God, Christ, the ransomed throng in heaven, virtue, truth, faith

and love become more significant things to us, and seem to rest down upon us with more force than the very things which our physical senses recognize, and these expressions are the links that help us into the higher life.

Every man has a judgment seat in his own soul. The recording angel is there also. Conscience is Judge, reason is Judge, truth is Judge.

Thoughts, affections, plans accompany souls into future worlds, each there gravitates to his own plane. This life determines the next state of existence. The Divine Law by which individuals are judged is not penned in Vedas or Upinishads, in old or new Testaments, but mapping the universe is written in ineffaceable lines of light by the breath of the eternal upon man's mental and moral constitution. The highest, the only supreme authority is the voice of God in the soul.

All being divine in the innermost have a dim consciousness of the good, the just, the right. In the infinite administration the scales of justice balance.

The thief sees after a time that he has stolen from himself. The deceiver, that he has deceived himself. The slanderer discovers that his poi-

soned javelins return to pierce his own heart. All learn that what they throw out returns with increased interest.

Feelings, thoughts, deeds are from the inner life and are eternal in their effect. Each sweet hope cherished is an immortal flower. Every ill-purpose conceived is a poisonous breath that lives to blight. Our thoughts, aims, plans, are carved upon our spiritual natures.

As our woven web here, so the garment over there.

A change of clothing or of place does not change character. Entrance into the future world of Spirit will no more affect the moral tendencies of the soul than a voyage across the Pacific to California would transform a thief into a saint. All grow to be angels by degrees, and Spiritualism is one safe and sure road for substantial soul development.

Spiritualism invites the children of earth to daily walk the mounts of beautitude, and commune with the transfigured who softly glide along the summer land-slopes of eternal progress.

It extends the hands of angels who talk of love and sing of a high birth, it wipes the tears of

sorrow from weeping eyes, breathes the sweet breath of tenderness into starving souls, and sweeping away the lingering clouds of death, bids all God's dear humanity tread the pearl-paved paths traversed by triumphal armies of heaven.

Oh! how refreshing burdened with cares and crosses, to catch occasional breezes from Eden-lands, and songs of encouragement from immortalized hosts of reformers, martyrs, apostles, prophets!

Lifting the glass of memory and reverting backward it reveals the eternal purpose of good from seeming evil, of sorrow blossoming into joys, and tears crystalized into pearls of matchless brilliancy.

Musical with the love-ministry of angels, it is a perpetual baptism, a continual regeneration, a succession of higher births, and endless privileges, the strength of the weary, the balm of healing for the sick, the consolation of the dying, the comfort of the mourner, and the sweetest answer to prayer.

True Spiritualism incites unflinching action on the plane of moral principle, renders one smypathetic and rational and subjecting the passions to wisdom and virtue, it awakens holy emotional

affections rooted to God. It induces fidelity to promise and abounds in charity.

"There is a grandeur in the soul that dares live out
All the life God lit within;
That battles with the passions hand to hand
And wears no mail and hides behind no shield!
That plucks its joy in the shadow of death's wing,—
That drains with one deep draught the wine of life,
And that with fearless foot and heaven-turned eyes,
May stand upon a dizzy precipice
High o'er the abyss of ruin,
And not fall.

THE PAUPER'S GRAVE.

There are no friends to mourn the loss
Of the miserable pauper. None
To give a farewell glance
Of broken-hearted sorrow,
None to watch the coffin on the way
To its last resting-place.
But there is one who mourns
With grief o'erwhelming and unspeakable,—
He gives no sigh, nor does he weep
One single tear. But he it was
Who shared the pauper's crust;
A poor old mongrel dog.

His head is bent as if to listen,
He hopes to hear his master's voice again,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The night comes on, yet still
He watches by the silent grave,
He hears no more the voice
That made life sweet to him.
He throws himself upon the fresh-piled heap,

And with despairing cries of anguish,
In dismal howl calls back the dead.

Costly monuments may tell the worth
Of those gone on, of those who still remain,
Yet none can boast of a fidelity
Truer than had the pauper, whose dog
Starves and dies upon his grave.
Who asks for more than this?
Not you! Not I!
For well we know, scarce one
Who bears the shape of human,
Will give to us such genuine
Honest, faithful and sincere devotion.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

How many varied and conflicting thoughts we have at Christmas time! Many of us look back over the past, and allow ourselves retrospective moods both pleasant and painful. We sigh over much, we rejoice over little, and thus it is with each succeeding Christmas. We draw comparisons with this day and its yearly predecessors, and Oh! God above us! how many black lines stretch out over the gray seas of our yesterdays! Few golden horizons greet our view, and fewer still the blending of perfect rainbow colors.

Would that we all had more rainbows and less storm-clouds in our lives!

It seems such a difficult undertaking to live sometimes just one short year. We think, what is the use? Can we go on with so many disagreeable realities staring us in the face? Yet

live on we do, and the Christmas day comes 'round again and here we are, with the same greetings on our lips, the same customs as of yore prevailing.

But what of the inner life? Has it changed for the better? Have we since last Christmas brought one Soul nearer the knowledge and understanding of the great Over-Soul? Have we led the life and helped others to lead the life which makes us merry and glad that one more Christmas is ours to enjoy? If so, then we have acted out the true Christ principle.

Christmas is a time of rejoicing, but my thoughts take a mournful trend,—instead of a glad outpouring of praise and thankfulness for Christmas and its real significance, my pen must be dipped into the lees of infelicity. I see the drawn, hungry faces, of poor half-starved creatures, who number up into the millions in this BOUNTIFUL land of America; I hear the groans and stifled sobs from those who are weary and disappointed with the griefs this old earth holds for them. Christmas may come and go, what matters it to them? Only one day more or less, that is all. And can you wonder at it? Take for example the seamstress in a large city who

works for a mere pittance, see her marble-like face! She works and waits amid haunting shadows of better days. Through the cold midnight she wearily plies the needle that grows hot in her feverish fingers—often cursing the one whose garment she works upon. Swiftly, swiftly let the needle fly, ere the vital spark departs! At last fate is merciful, life is ended!

God protect all of us from the heart that breaking yet beats on!

Who can tell the story of a life gone out through the soundless waters and endless swaying of a soul-cutting thread? And how many of this class are living to-day,—living?—well, perhaps you might call it that.

We sometimes speak of the Hell of Dante, but he who walks through civilization's shambles needs no fantastical poetical pictures to teach him terror.

The favored ones of earth will no doubt enjoy what is termed "The Happy Christmas Tide," but what of the poor outcasts? No hope or joy for them! Rank poisonous weeds are growing in the garden of souls where once the daintiest flowers bloomed. Some one is to blame for this. Some one is to blame for their sad mistakes. Will

that some one remember on this "glad day of the year" to bring back into their lives one strain of the old forgotten melody that long ago filled their hearts to overflowing with joy and happiness?

White lips are gasping for breath, and trembling out the fragment of a prayer perhaps learned at a loving mother's knee,—waiting, longing to die. Must they smile and be gay when they are living this uncoffined and unburied death?

Life for them is but a poor promise, heavy to bear,—heavy with reeking, human blood. They know the sins of untrue hearts, but prayers and tears will not avail to bring back sweet hope and pure love, and they welcome death to bind up the broken chords, and to the heavenly music of a great hope, beat sublimer airs.

So much of sadness, sorrow, poverty and sin reigns in the world to-day it is almost a mockery to say "The Blessed Christmas," for it is more cursed than blessed.

Those who have merry hearts and genuine feelings of unalloyed bliss at this time are greatly in the minority. This is true the world over. Few, yes, very few, but feel the shadows creeping

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through the sunlight of the day's festivities, Shadows of broken dreams, flowers that will never bloom again for us—dead faces, dead hopes.

Yet why think of all these gloomy things? Did not Christ die to redeem a world? Very well, then, how wrong to look into the dark corners and the hidden by-ways. No use to make ourselves unhappy, we are all saved.

In many of our churches today, eloquent sermons and magnificent word-paintings will go out to exalt the hearers, and the basis of the discourses will generally be Christ and his sacrifice for us.

If Christ died for us and is our redeemer, we need have no alarm concerning the unfortunate.

But Christ did not die for us. He did not want to go. He was the victim of circumstances, just the same as many agonized souls who exist on this planet at the present time. His murder will never sweep away the drifts that bar the doors of down-trodden humanity, nor because he is supposed to have been born on Christmas day, will hearts that ache with their burdens grow lighter.

While Christ's life is an excellent example to

pattern from, where one cannot think deep enough for himself, I would not advise anyone to accept without study, the general plan of salvation, for it is absurd in the extreme.

We should make a solid foundation for ourselves, and not thrust so much on the shoulders of "The Man of Sorrows," who, I think, has quite enough to bear.

How many converts to the different religions of the world have laid all their sins "at the feet of Jesus," and how many millions of souls have "cast their burdens upon him." What a fearful responsibility! It seems rather ridiculous, this "taking it all to Jesus," and his spirit being always present with us. What a herculean effort to be so many different places at so many different times.

I do not wish anyone to think less of the Christ Jesus; he will be a grand example through all time and eternity, but instead of laying so much stress upon his redeeming the world, his death and resurrection, we should look more to the underlying truths set forth in his life that will make of us a Christ unto ourselves, and we may then be our own redeemer.

Give thanks, my soul! the holy Christmas time
Rings with the joy of silver chant and chime,
The glorious mystery we celebrate
Keepeth the years sublime!

Sublime, despite our sinful fallen state;
Despite the bitter leaven of wrong and hate,
Despite the endless feuds, the griefs and tears
That darken human fate!

Break, glorious morning of the promised time,
When greed strikes hands no more with shame and crime;
Rise with the dawning of the golden years,
When heart to heart in rhyme

Beats in divine accordance, that pour
There mellow jubilance from shore to shore,
And sin and pain, and weary doubts and fears,
Trouble the world no more.

WHEN I EXPIRE.

No lachrymosal drops for me
When I go into space;
No flowers, please, when I am dead
'Twined roundabout my face.

Cry for me now, if you cry at all,
For life is sometimes rough,
And give me flowers now, my friends,
To avoid the state called "tough."

Box me up in a simple case,
Enshroud me as you will,
But keep me out of the mouldy ground,
Of dirt I've had my fill.

No sermon preached, or words of praise
Rehashed o'er my dead form;
Let some one sing a merry air
From love and gayety born.

Or play some cheerful melody,
To send me on my quest
In search of future happiness
And "mansions of the blest."

Perchance to Sheol I may go;—
Cremate me, please, and see
That my ashes to the winds are thrown,
My soul will then be free.

SACRIFICE.

We speak the words so often of complaint,
And harbor thoughts that bear against our fate
With life and all it holds.
At times we shrink with fear, and tremble
With a dread of future woes,
And that alone will bring misfortune's foes;
Whispering, "It is too late,
Too late for our retrieving
The past, and all its grieving
Sorrow, misery and doubt,
And all the vexing blunder
That we have brought about.

We are unmindful of the joy-bells ringing,
We do not hear the sweet birds singing
In cheering tones, that ring from higher planes,
And oftentimes we fail to catch the music,
A spirit friend is sounding,
Through nature's varied strains.
Let our souls extract the essence
From those who haunt our presence,
Give heed unto their councils sweet,

We may thereby gain a crown,
Making joys of others our renown,
And on this earth reward will meet.

Those who look upon the bonds of sacrifice
As dearest hopes in life's strange pathway,
Must pain and sorrow know;
But they possess the keynote of life's harmony,
Drink deepest of that blest eternal fountain
Wherein life's priceless treasures flow.
The untried strings no music brings,
the untried life no triumph sings,
We do not know the meaning of real living
'Til we are like the ocean in its course,
Mingling with streams from every source,
And from our hearts is true unselfish giving.